

Silver
**FIENDISH
feet**

Summer Scorchers!
C O M P E T I T I O N



MARVEL
25th May 91

NO154 55p

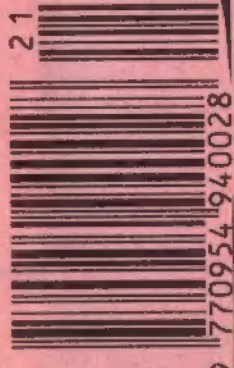
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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

GHOSTY-
WHOSTY,
SPOOKY
WOOKIES!

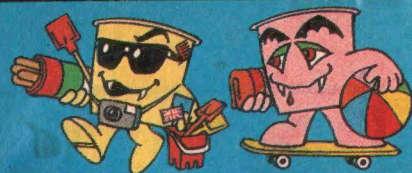
ISSN 0954-9404

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ISSN 0954-9404
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Here it is, punctual as ever, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic! In this issue the guys have to cope with rather a delicate operation, trying to ward off the surgical spirits in **Florence Frightingale!**

Peter and Slimer suffer a bad case of tunnel vision when they are summoned by the secret service to deal with an agent more spectral than special, in **Eye Spy Spooks!** We can't tell you anymore, it's all very hush hush, you'll just have to investigate the story to find out for yourself! The sludge problem really seems to be getting out of hand and there are beasties everywhere in the final episode of **Doom In The Dumps!** Is this too much even for our boys?

Then there is a fantastic **Fiendish Feet Competition** in which you could win one of **40 Beach Packs!** Not only that, but next week there's the chance for you to win a whole year's supply of sweets from **Swizzels Matlow!** So don't miss it!

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



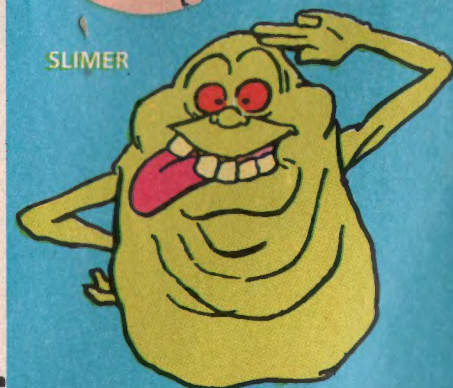
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WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



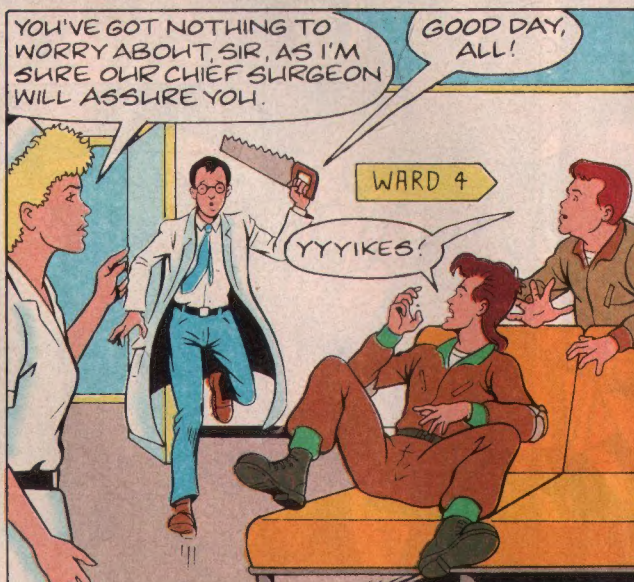
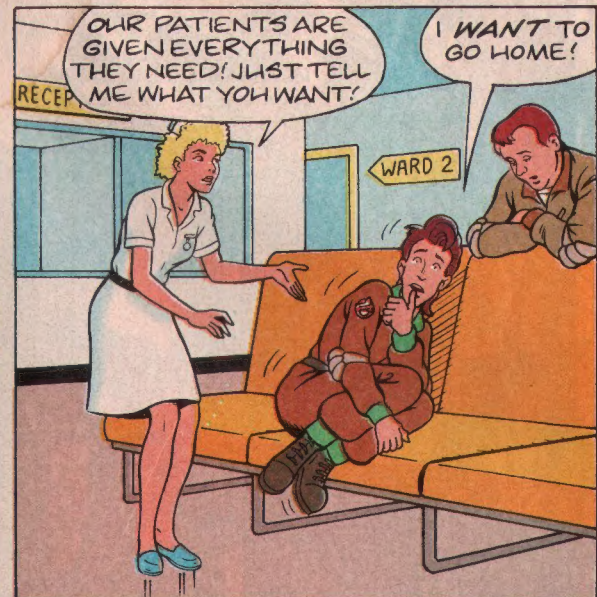
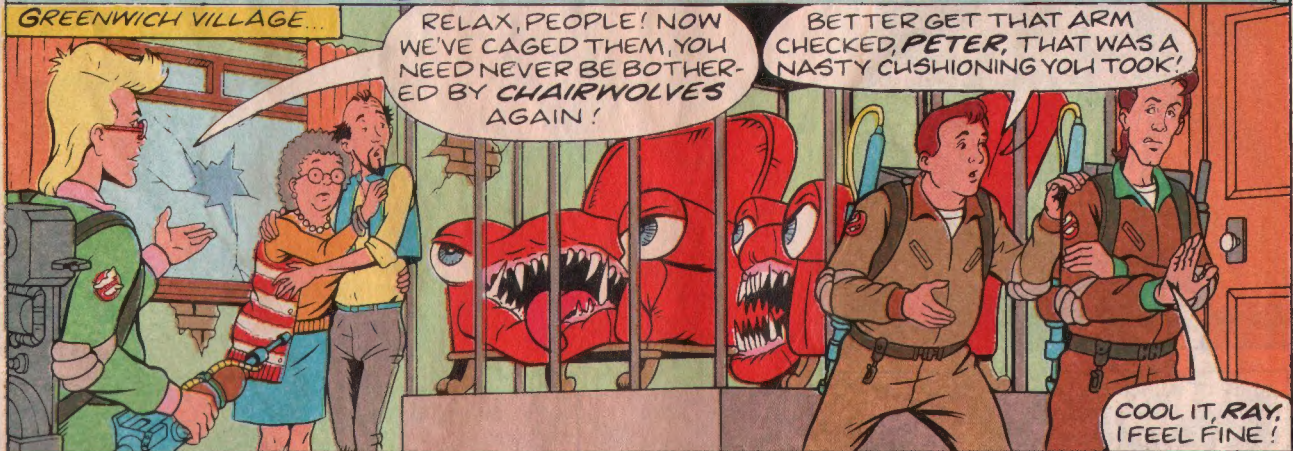
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MELNITZ

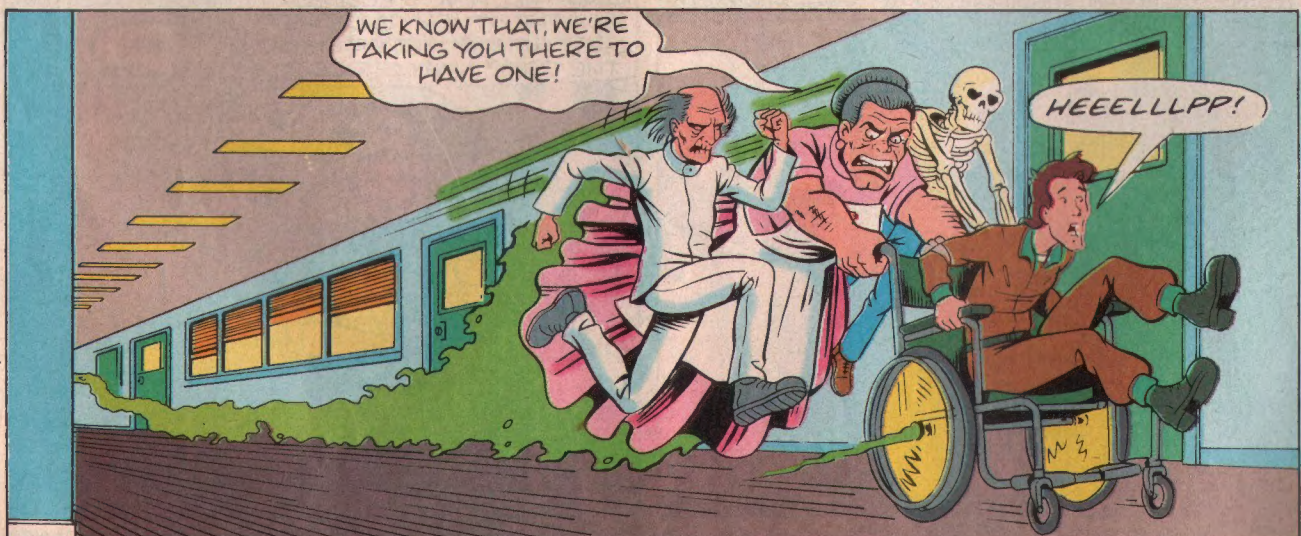
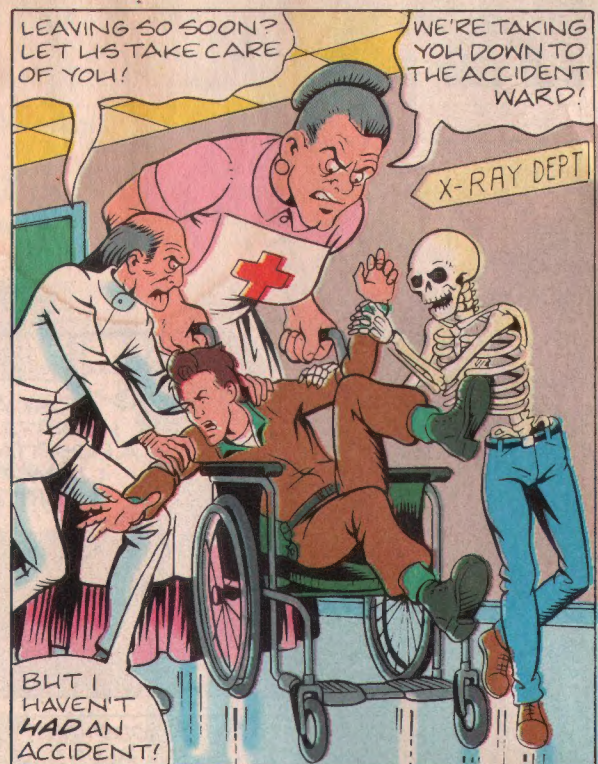
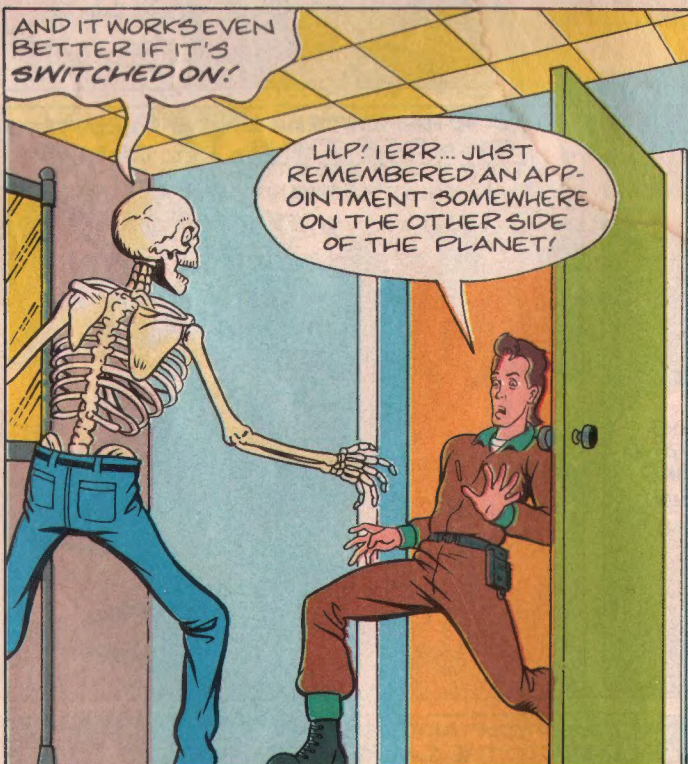
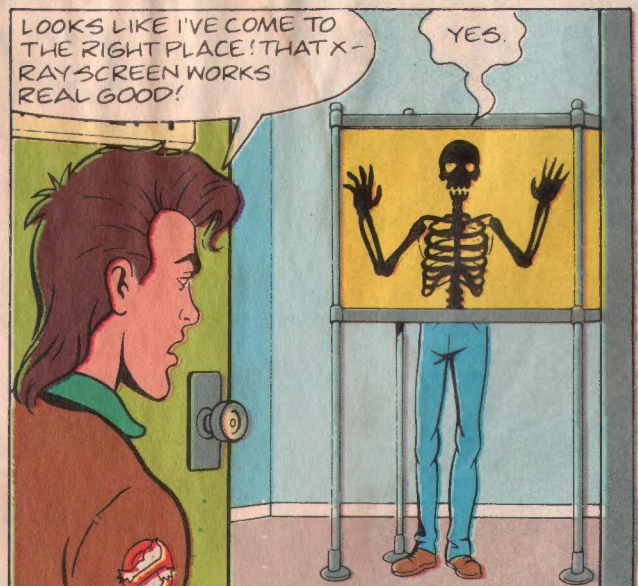
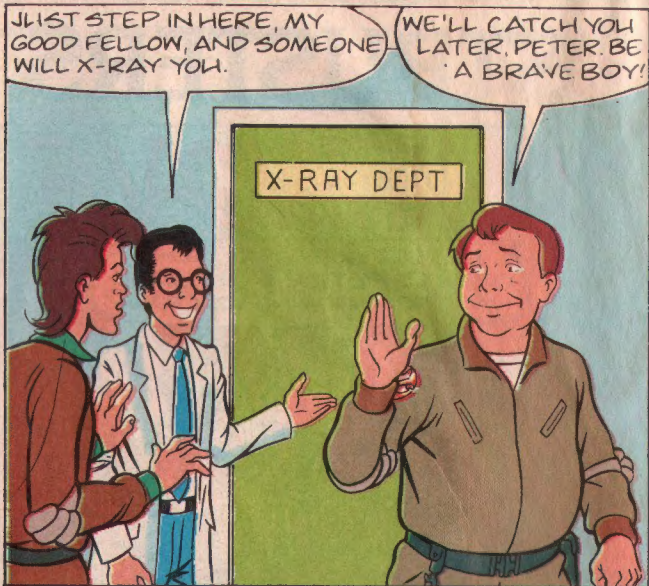


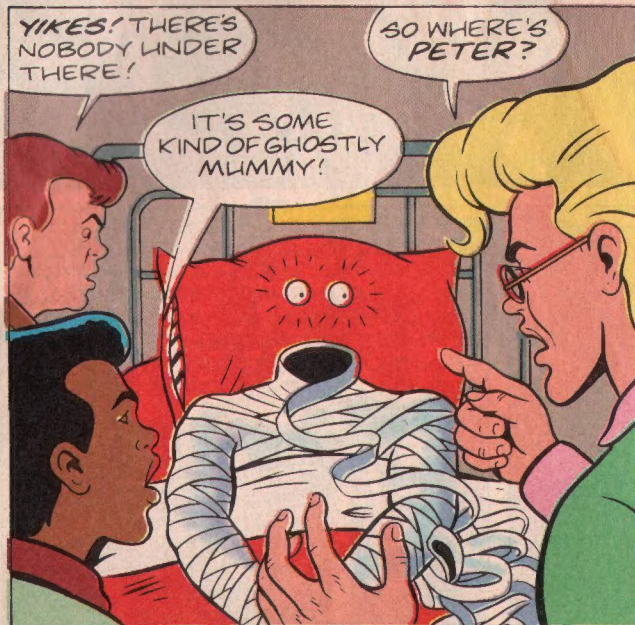
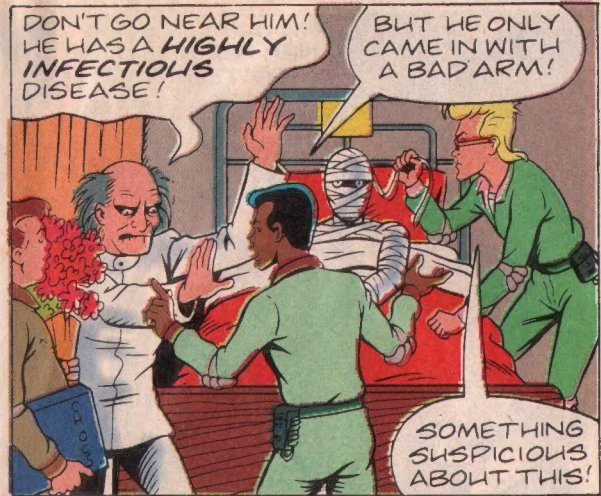
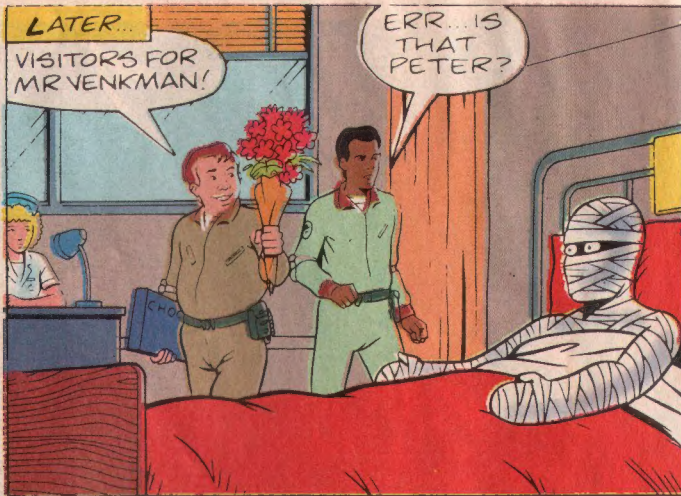
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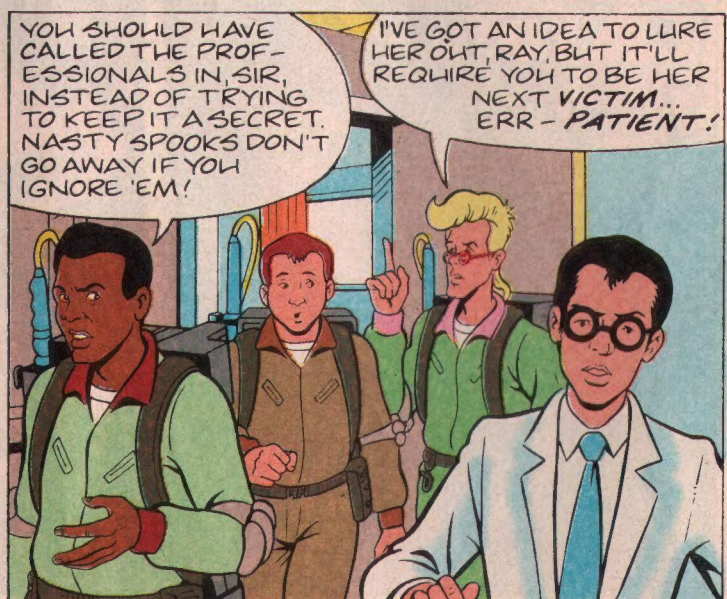
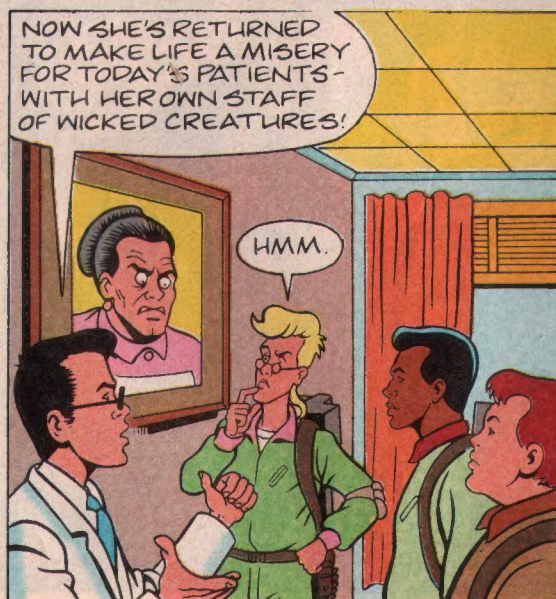
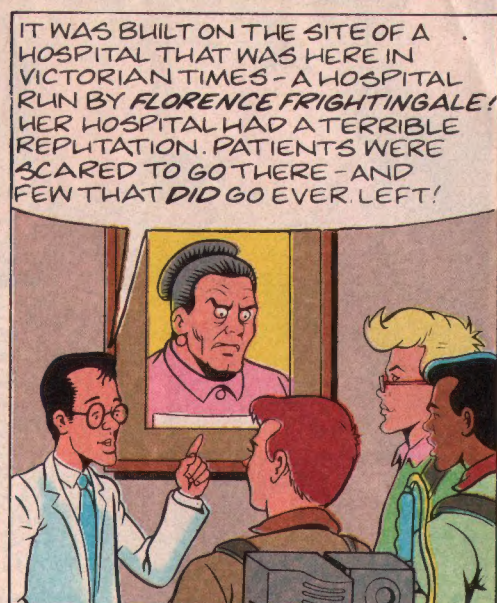
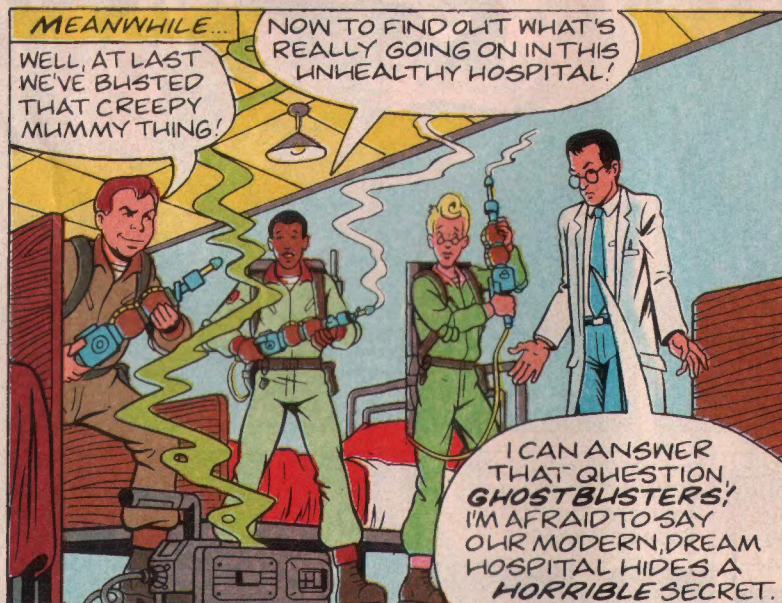
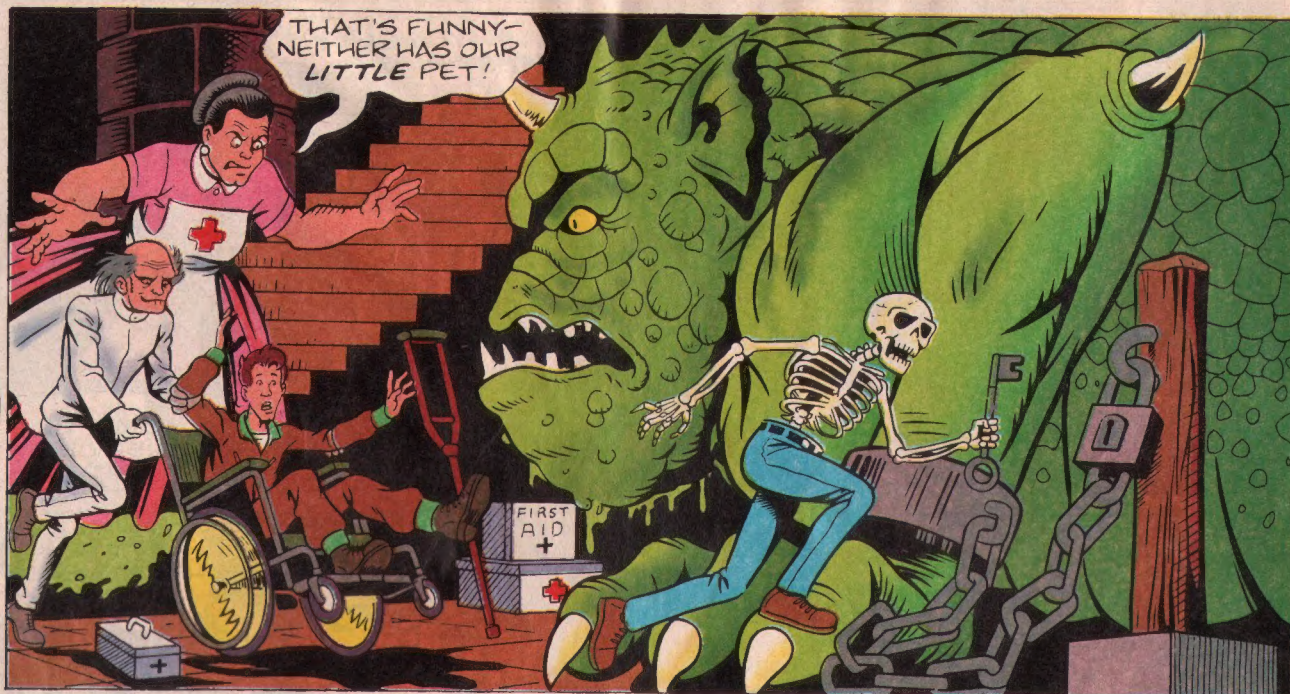
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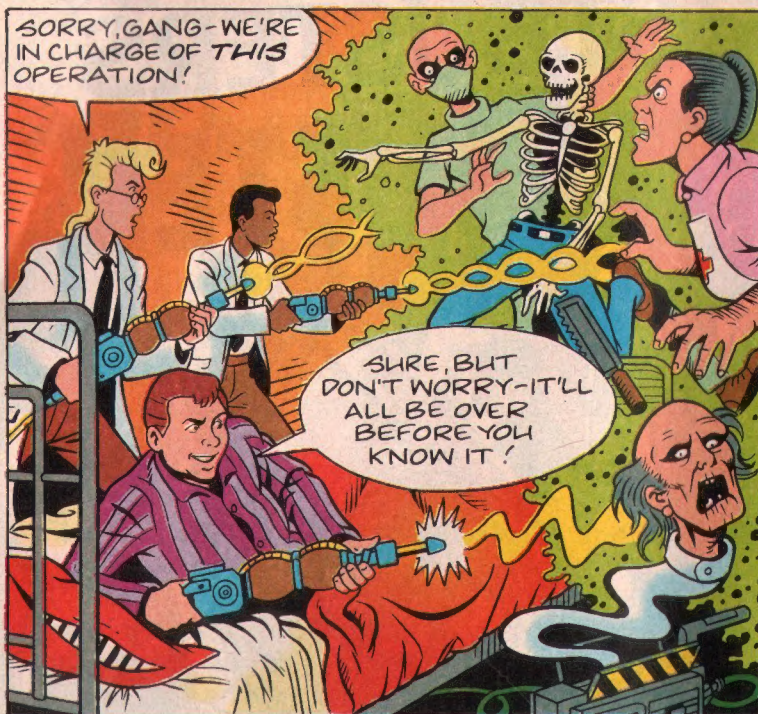
FLORENCE FRIGHTINGALE











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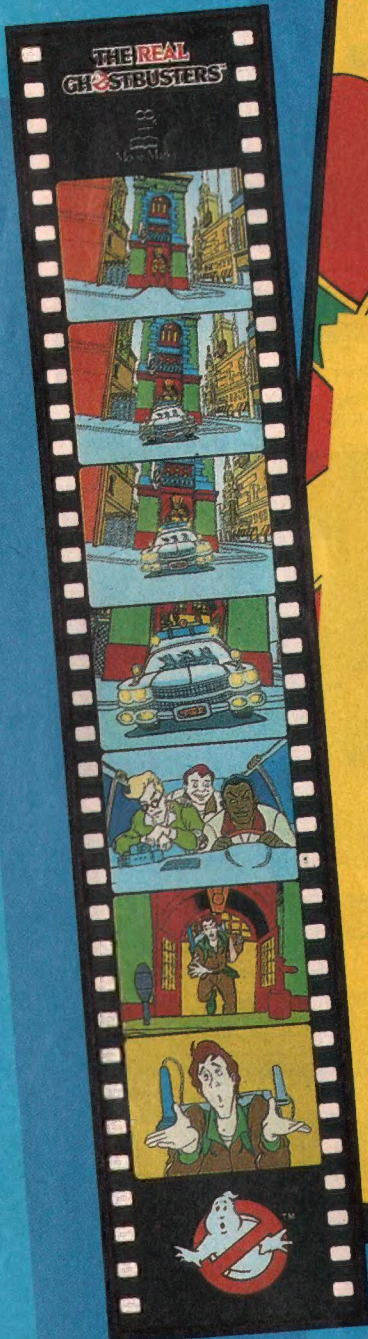
MARVEL
Nº5
APRIL/MAY
1984 COLUMBIA PICTURES INDUSTRIES INC.

THE **REAL** GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER

PACKED
WITH
PUZZLES!



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PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE 5 ON SALE **28th MARCH**

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



Before I start this week, I really must congratulate Ivan Otherwun, who wrote to me to say that after sitting nineteen entrance exams and staging several practical demonstrations, he had finally been given a place at the **University of Majick Scholars and Presti-digitators**. Well done, Ivan! The entrance requirements for this celebrated Paranormal college are very exacting. I know. They turned me down, after all.

The **U.M.S.P.** is a little-known institution, though its influence is great. It is one of the six major colleges for wizards and magicians worldwide, and has been graduating celebrated magic users for nearly six centuries. It is, perhaps, high time I covered the Magic Universities in this column. Apart from **U.M.S.P.** they are:

Eaten – set in the rolling hills of Wimbleshampdownshire, Eaton accepts only scholars of the finest magical talent. Their first year as freshwizards is spent simply coping with the seasickness the rolling hills induce. *Motto*: 'Haec Gustam Sic In Transit Mundi' [lit: "Sorry about the mess I made in the school bus at the beginning of the week"].

PART 154

Waile – specialising in conjurors and practitioners of sleight-of-hand, Waile is one of the foremost American magic colleges. *Motto*: 'Rex Quondam Juvabit Stylis' [lit: "Someday I'll work out where Rex hid my fountain pen"].

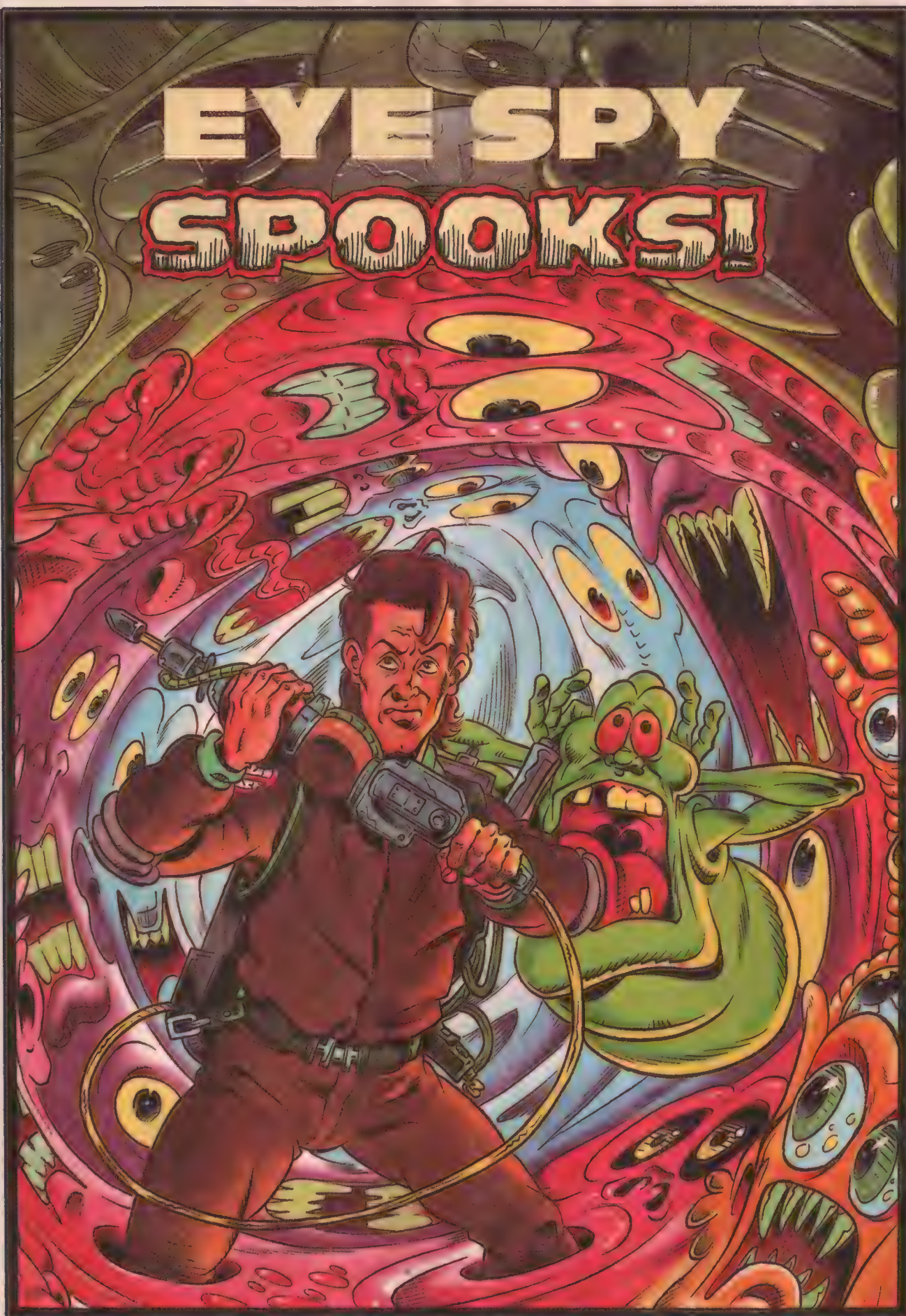
Doomberry College, Northbridgeshire – many and bizarrely talented are the necromantic students who come from this dank and dingy cloister in the darkest, windiest armpit of the UK. *Motto*: 'Olim Rejuvinisse Vitam Avanculum' [lit: "I'd swear on the grave of my uncle, if I hadn't brought him back to life last week"]. **L' Institute de Manifestationes Apparitionelle** – to be found in the quiet backstreets of the left bank in Paris, though no one knows quite where the bank was

left, or even who saw it last. Vondahuck was a graduate student there, and it was in the Institute that he wrote his masterly *'I Was An Graduate At L'Institute De Manifestations Apparitionelle'*. *Motto*: 'Veni Vidi Video' [lit: "When I came in here, I could have sworn I was on *You've Been Framed*"].

Miskaginton University – deep in the heart of the New England town of Harkam, Mass. This University is perhaps the most revered worldwide for the standard of its graduates. Then again, as students of Waile have remarked, when you're surrounded by that much dark, dismal and depressing gothic wilderness, what else is there to do but study? *Motto*: 'Quo Impequinius Alarum Ave Ad Hoc Vobistrum In Cardio Atruim Est' [lit: "You will observe there is nothing in the hat, and voila, this is the heart you first thought of, your own, in fact, and it's out here in the hall. Hello? Hello, sir?"].

To which I can only add the motto of my old magic college: 'Meminisse Per Aduam Excellcis Vobis' [lit: "If he tried harder, he could do better, I'd say"].

EYE SPY SPOOKSI!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

When The Real Ghostbusters are called to the Headquarters of the Very Secret Service, Peter and Slimer soon get an eyeful of the problems they face . . .

"Call for you, Egon," drawled Janine, holding out the phone to the tall scientist. Egon blinked and looked up from the Semi-Alternating Dimensional Detector he was working on. "Who is it?" he asked.

"Wouldn't say," snapped Janine. "You going to answer it, or shall I tell them you've been delayed with a Class nine Demon in the bathroom again?"

"Janine," Egon said calmly, reaching for the phone, "you know perfectly well that I did not *deliberately* conjure up a sudden manifestation of ecto-corporeal energies whilst shaving in order to miss our last dinner date."

"Hey, give Egon a break," agreed Peter. "Guys like him don't have foam fights with ghosts in the bathroom every day of the week."

"Just once a fortnight," Janine replied, glaring at Peter and handing Egon the receiver.

"Egon Spengler?" snapped the voice on the phone. "Are you talking in code to your compatriots?"

"Erm, no," said Egon, blinking again. "We're just having a business argument." Janine sniffed, loudly.

"Hmm," said the voice. "Sounded like code to me. Never mind, that isn't important right now. We need you over here right away. Major spook problem. Danger to the free world. You understand."

"Where's 'here'?" asked Egon, puzzled.

"Can't tell you that. State Secret, Spengler."

Egon smiled. "Look, this isn't another of those weird secret service jobs again, is it? Only last time. . ."

"Secret Service? Who mentioned a secret service? We're a universal export company. A car will pick you and your known partners up in five minutes on the corner of Seven and Eleventh. The driver will be wearing a green tie and speak with a limp."

"A limp?"

"Sorry, *lisp*. That's another story." The voice paused and Egon felt sure he could hear the Star Spangled Banner playing in the background. "This is a big one, Spengler," the man continued. "You think you can handle it?"

"Certainly, sir – but it would help to know what we're up against."

"Well," said the voice. "I can't tell you exactly without proper identification – but we think the Other Side have employed a ghost to spy on us. . ."

Fifteen minutes later, kitted in their Ghostbusters Proton Packs and uniforms, armed with PKE Meters, Proton Guns and accompanied by Slimer, The Real Ghostbusters found themselves outside a dull-looking skyscraper in downtown New York. "Thith ith it," said the driver, pointing to the building. "Good luck."

"Aren't you supposed to self-destruct or something now?" asked Ray as they got out of the car. But the man ignored him and drove off.

"I think we're being watched," said Winston, raising his Proton Gun.

"Of course we're being watched," said Peter. "Egon explained that we'd been hired by the Secret Service."

"If we choose to accept the mission, of course," added Ray. "Spies from the Other Side! Ghost agents! What a weird idea."

Egon studied his PKE Meter. "When our 'contact' mentioned the Other Side, I don't think he meant the Other Side we normally deal with. I think he meant *another* Other Side. However, they are apparently using ghost agents, so you were right on that count."

"Another Other Side?" said Ray, scratching his head. "How many Other Sides are there? Or is this the *Other* Other Side we're dealing with?"

"Exactly," said Egon. "I'm glad you understood." With that, he walked into the building.

"Slimereeee puzzled," said Slimer, chewing an onion and marmalade sandwich and following Egon into the cold, dark lobby of the building, closely followed by the rest of the Ghostbusters.

"Let's go over this again," said Peter, looking carefully at a pool of glistening ecto-slime on the front desk. "The secret service – or the Very Secret Service, or the Most Secret Service – give us a ring because this building has become haunted. Everything they do here has been reported in the press, so the whole place was checked for bugs."

"Looks too modern for cockroaches to me," said Ray, his PKE Meter clicking wildly.

"Checked for listening devices," Peter continued, "but they found nothing. Then agents started disappearing –"

"And reappearing covered in ecto-slime, gibbering all sorts of secret stuff as though they'd been questioned by the Other Side," finished Winston.

"What sort of ecto-slime?" asked Ray.

"Just like that pool Peter stepped in," replied Winston, then his eyes widened in alarm. "Peter!!"

"Yeuck", groaned Peter. "Slimer, did you –" but that was all he had time for because the next think he knew, he and Slimer were somewhere else. Somewhere that could have been on the Other Side, and not the foreign Other Side. The *weird* Other Side. The *strange* Other Side. Slimer gulped. Peter gaped as a huge wall of eyes, hundreds of thousands of eyes appeared, slurping and warping right over them. "Uh-oh," said Slimer, "Peteree budeee, help!"

"Answer our questions," said the weird shapes. "What is the capital of Peru? Name the shoe size frequented by Agent 99. Is it a jam sandwich?"

"What is this?" muttered Peter. "You can't threaten us. We're experts at threats ourselves and yours don't rate very highly, you know."

"Aw – this one's not afraid," said one of the ghosts with scary eyes. "That's no fun. The others were always frightened and told us lots of interesting things."

"Let me go!" shouted Peter, raising his Proton Gun and firing at the swirling spooks. It fizzled and went dead. "Your weapons have no power here," said the ghosts. "You will answer our questions. The Other Side will not be denied. What is the square root of a cucumber?"

Then Slimer gave a terrible burp and the figures retreated, blinking furiously. "Scussee me," said Slimer. "Foodee go down wrong way."

"Name the – sniff – third most – sniff – popular man in Croydon," asked another spook, its eyes blinking menacingly. Then suddenly it started to cry.

"Slimer, breathe in their eyes," shouted Peter. "Throw them the rest of your sandwich," he added. "They don't like the onions!"

"Slimereeee save Peter?" asked Slimer, grinning.

"Yes! I mean, perhaps! I mean – oh, all right Slimer, save me!"

"Okeeedokey," giggled the ghost and breathed again. They spooks wailed. "We can't stand it," they screamed, "we'll let you go. We'll go! Just stop it!"

Suddenly, Slimer and Peter were back in the skyscraper. The ecto-slime popped out of existence, the air conditioning came on and the lights lit up. "That feeling of being watched – it's gone," said Winston, sighing with relief. Egon held up his PKE Meter which read normal levels. "I think the secret service got its building back," he said, smiling.

"What happened?" asked Ray. "Did you find the Other Other Side? Or was it Another Side, but different?"

Peter looked at Slimer, who smiled, wondering how many pizzas he could get out of Peter as a 'thank you for rescuing me but don't tell the others' present. As the ghost licked his lips, Peter put out a finger to his and whispered. "It's Top Secret, Ray. Eye don't think you'd believe me anyway!"

MICROSCOPIC GHOST

At the Research Hospital Of The Institute For The Study Of Unknown Diseases (a mouthful in itself!) the medical profession were tongue-tied over one particular case. A patient called Mr Beresford had developed a virus of the supernatural sort, positively puzzling Professor Meindbindal and reducing Doctor Fuserblown to a quivering, medical molecule!

Doctor Spengler, otherwise known as Egon, and the rest of the Real Ghostbusters were admitted to the Supernatural Centre where the victim of the virus was 'hanging out' – or at least, where his tongue was

hanging out! Spooky blood samples were taken to the lab, where a murky, microscopic ghost was found to be the creepy culprit.

Fortunately, however, Egon concocted a special Proton Serum which aided the bodies own defence system, making the micro-menace the only casualty around. Tongues were still wagging, only now in reference to the way Mr Beresford's body had fought back, with a little help, of course, from The Real Ghostbusters!



THEY'RE HERE!!



HOLIDAY
SPECIAL
ON SALE
2nd MAY
FROM
MARVEL

THE

MONSTER

IN MY POCKET™

GANG!

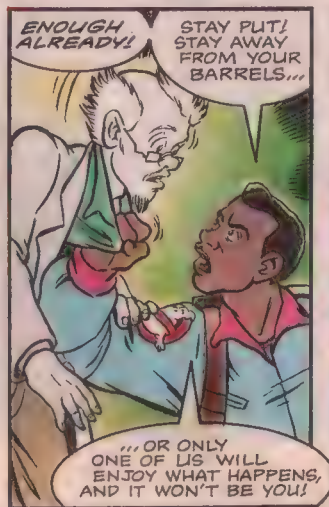
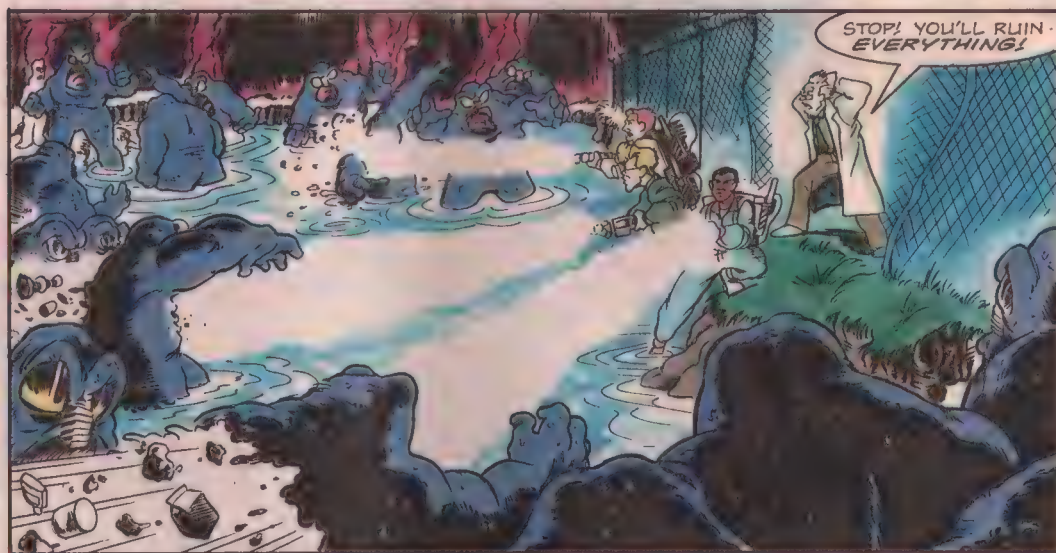
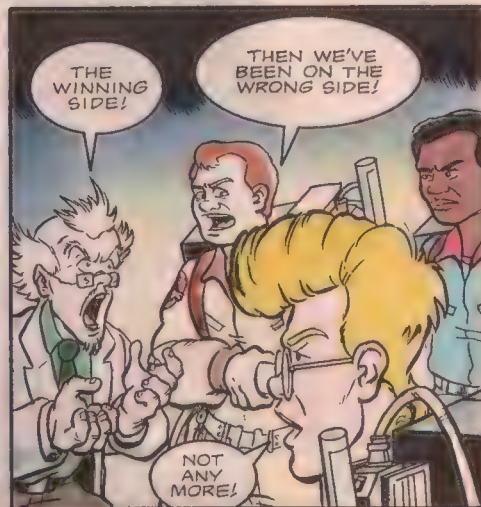
THEY'RE NEW... THEY'RE AWESOME... THEY'RE SQUISHY...
AND THEY'RE ONE INCH TALL... AND WHAT'S MORE,
THERE'S DOZENS OF THEM!

WILL THEY SAVE HUMANITY, OR DESTROY IT?

YOU'RE ABOUT TO FIND OUT!!

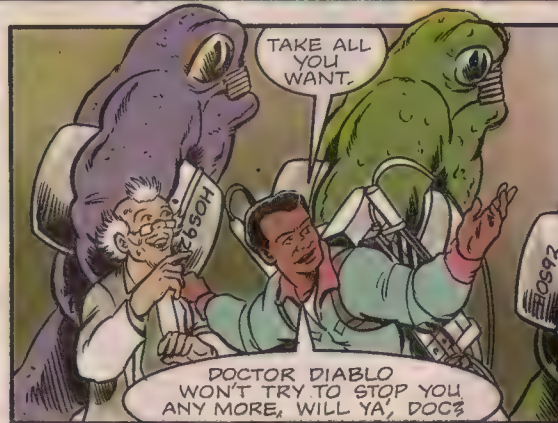
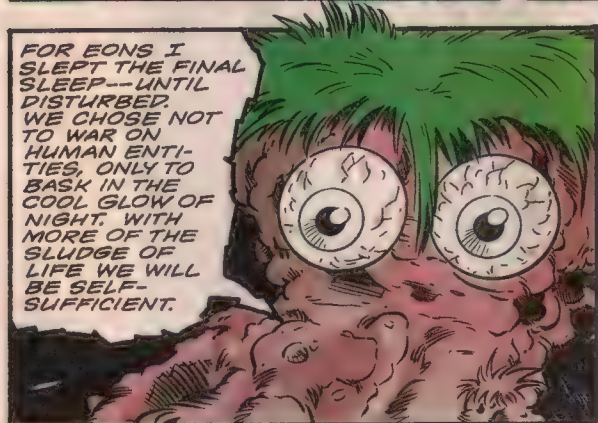
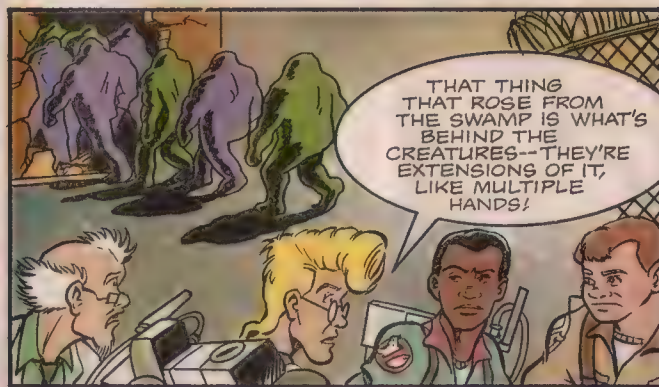
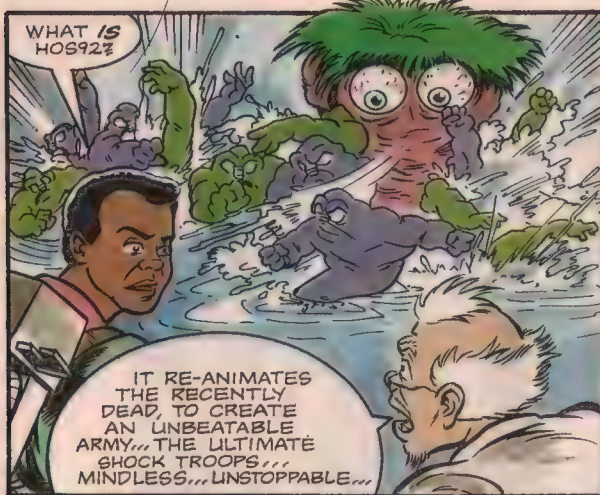
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

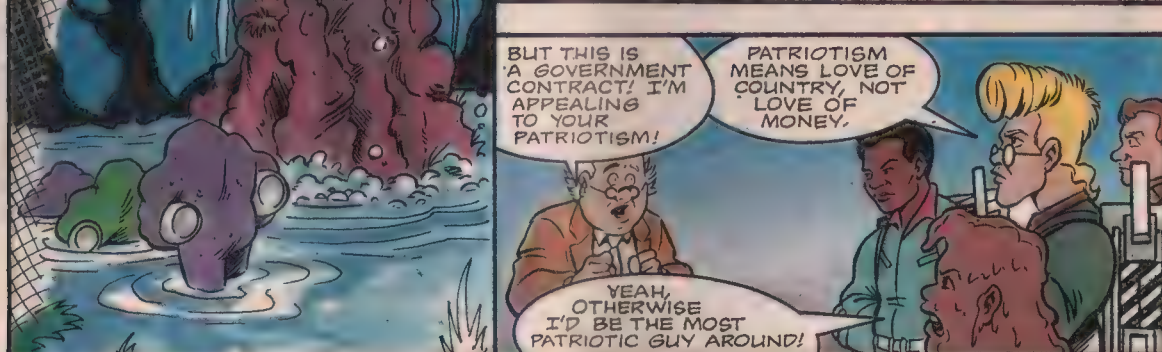
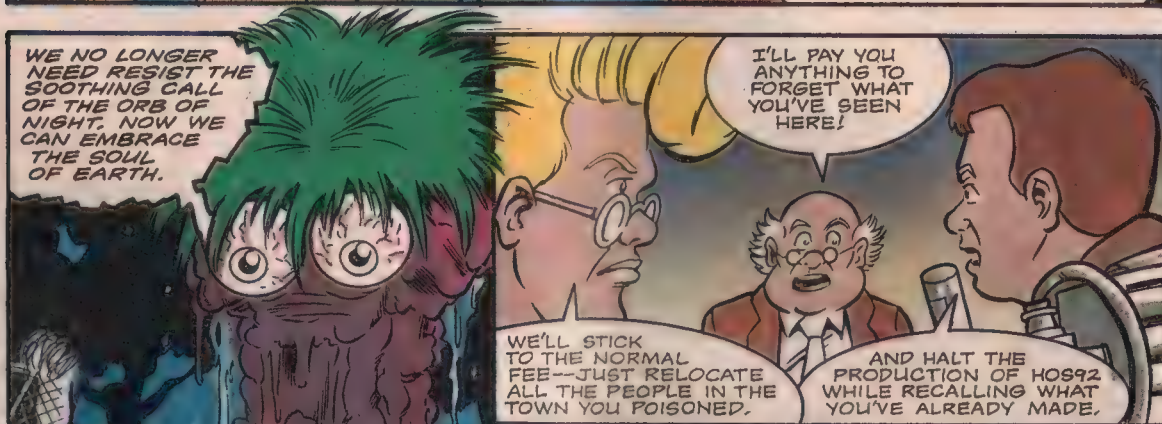
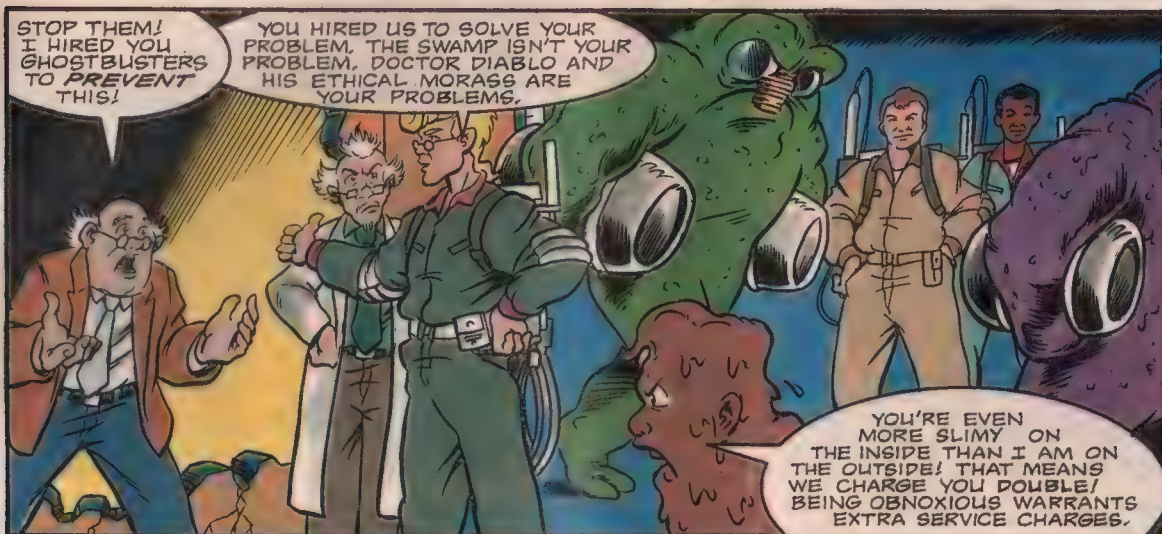
Part Four: Oh, brother, it's the mother! The monster that's emerged from the Choate Chemical Company's dump has some friends too...

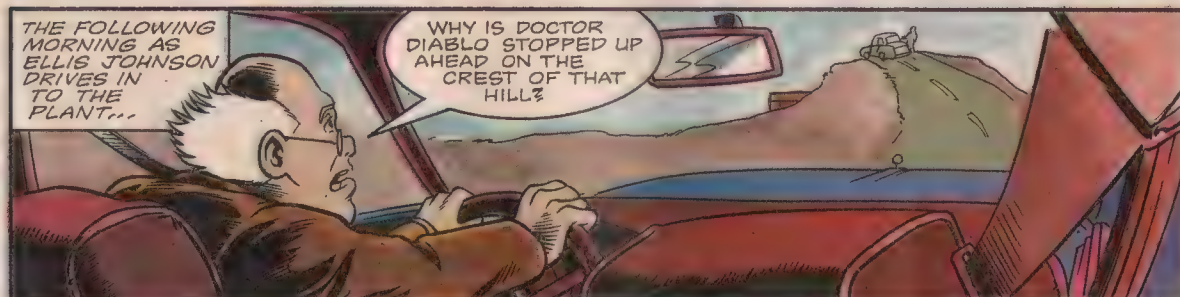
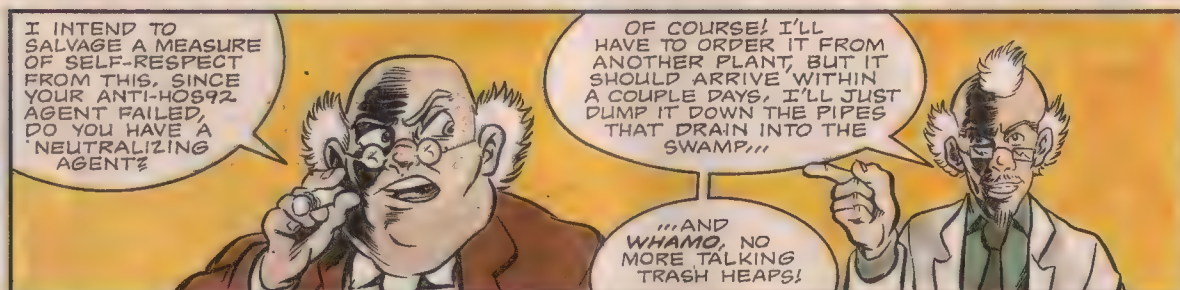
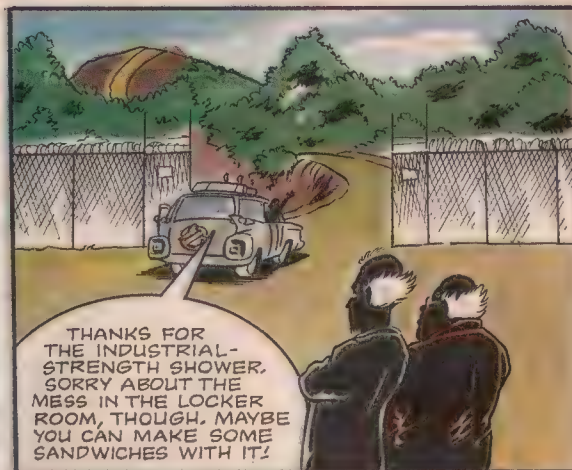
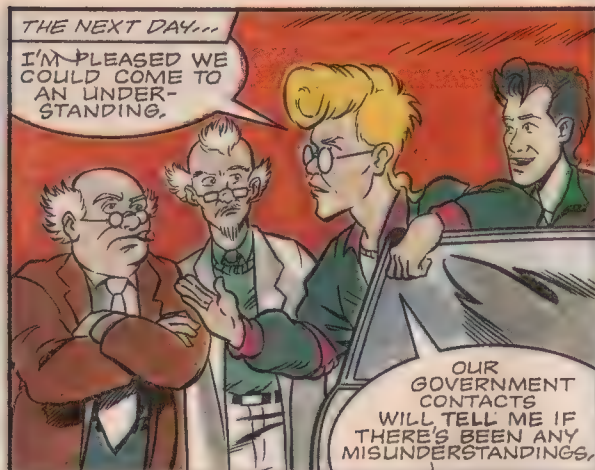










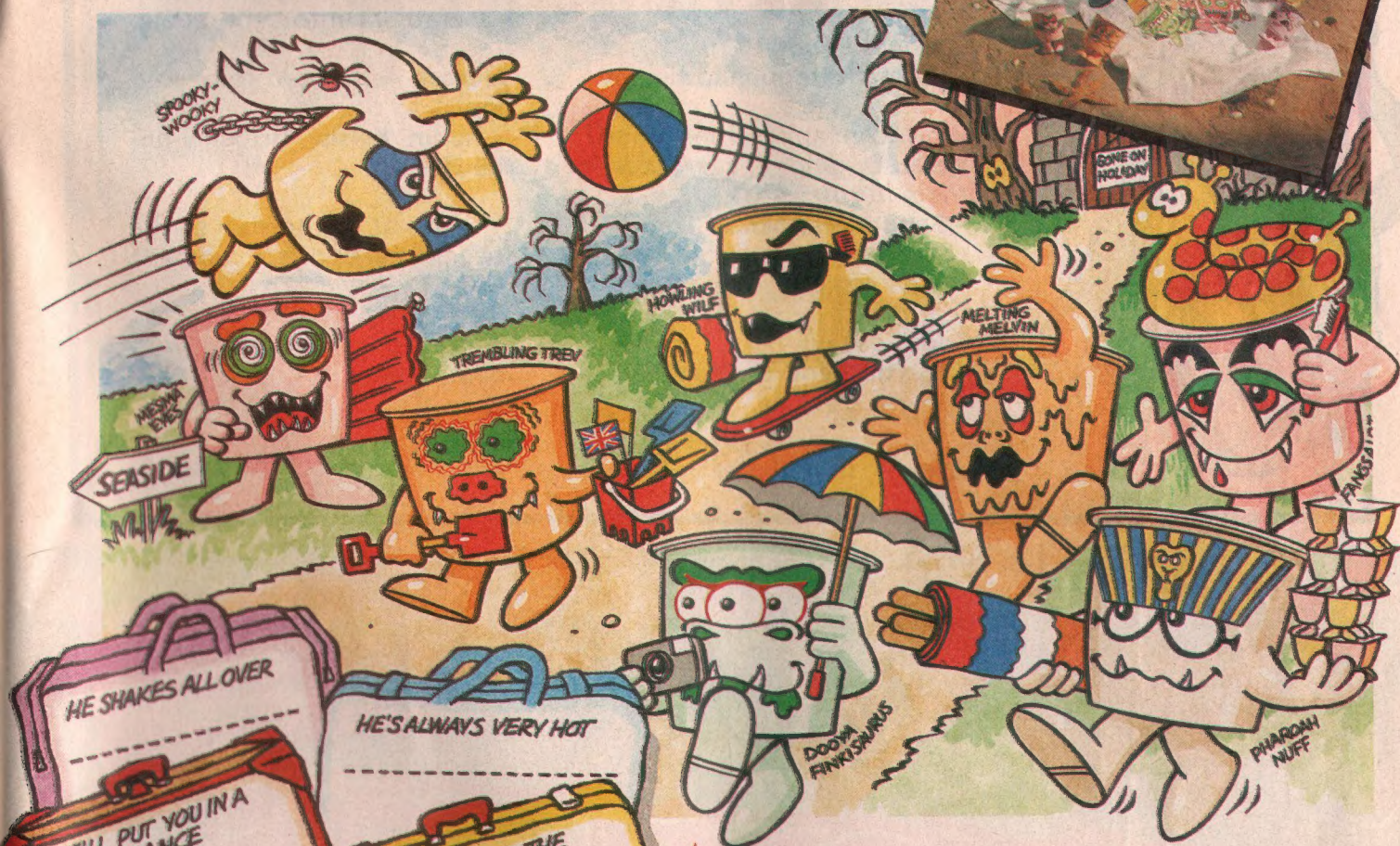


St Ivel
**FIENDISH
Feet**

Summer Scorcher!

**WIN A FIENDISH
BEACH PACK!**

C O M P E T I T I O N



As you can see from the chaos in this fun picture, the **Fiendish Feet** are getting ready for their summer holiday away from the cold of the Fiendish Fridge.

To help them enjoy their holiday even more, they have put together a Fiendish Beach Pack containing all the items they need for a fun day out in the sun - a unique Fiendish Feet T-Shirt, a colourful beach bag, a really cool pair of sunglasses (just like Howling Wilf's) and a super beach ball.

And to help you enjoy your summer the **Fiendish Feet** have given us 40 packs to give away to winners of this fun competition! All you need to do is study the clues on the eight suitcases pictured and work out which suitcase belongs to which **Fiendish Feet** character illustrated in the picture. Once you think you have got the right answer, write the character's name on his suitcase, fill in the entry form provided and then send both of these sections to: Fiendish Summer Competition, PO Box 1961, Hall Green, Birmingham B28 0XU.

Name Age Address

Name of Comic Postcode

Rules 1. The winners will be the first correct entries drawn from the bag after 28th June 1991, each will win a Fiendish Beach Pack. 2. The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2



What do ghosts wear on their feet?

Boooooooooooooots!

— Kenneth Hague, Rotheram

Why do vampires drink blood?

Because ginger beer makes them burp!

— Sangar Manokkan, London

What disease does Dracula fear most?

Tooth decay!

— Martin Kent, London

Why did the young ghost push his father into the deep freeze?

Because he wanted some iced pop!

— Robin Kelsle, Gringley-on-the-Hill

Who sits at the bottom of the sea and makes offers you can't refuse?

The Godfather!

—Vincenzo Castronvo, Waltham Cross

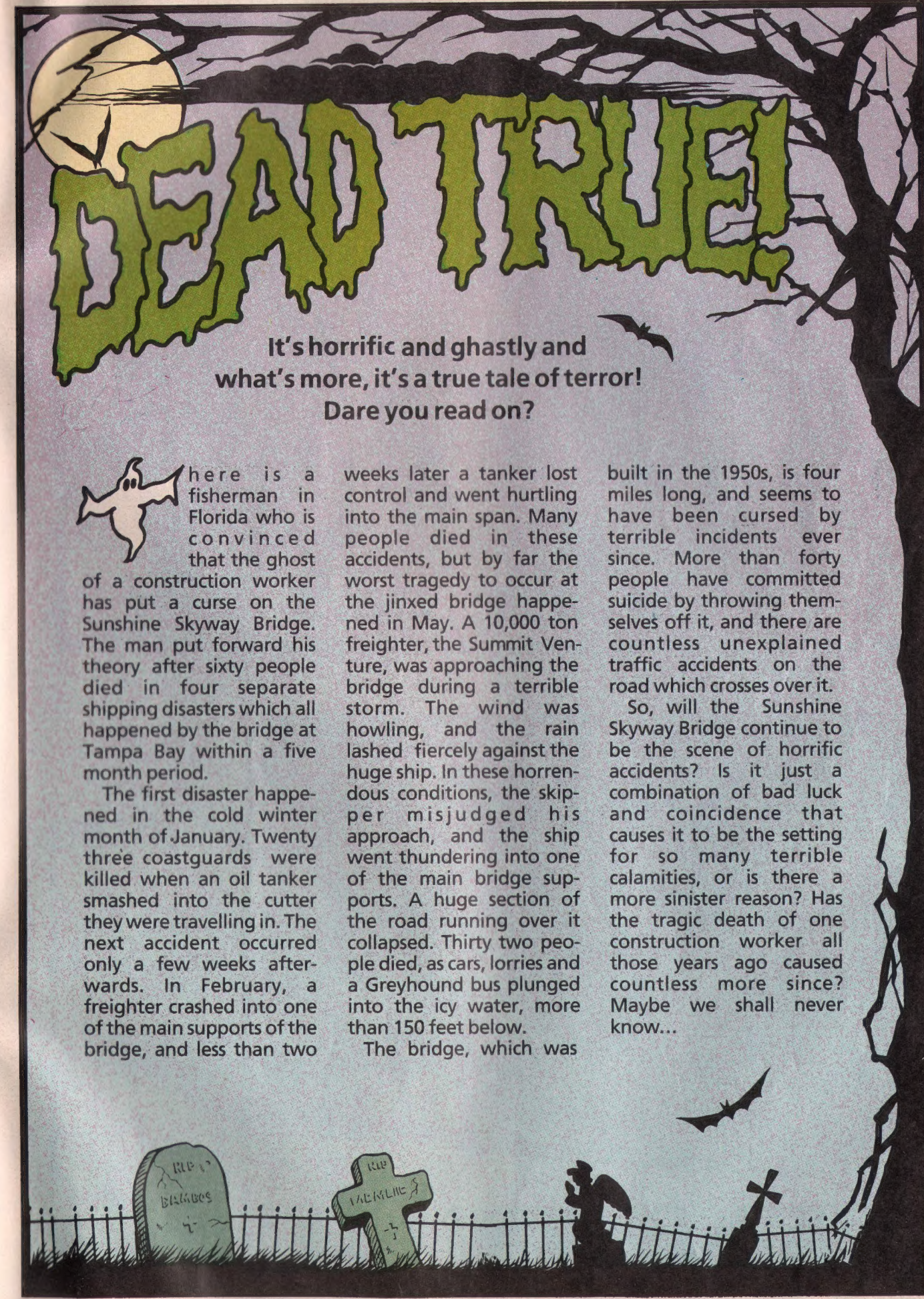
Matlow's

REFRESHERS



**FREE ON ISSUE 6 OF
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™
PUZZLEBUSTER!**

**PLUS A FREE SWEETS FOR A YEAR COMPETITION
IN ISSUE 155 OF
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™**



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



here is a fisherman in Florida who is convinced that the ghost of a construction worker has put a curse on the Sunshine Skyway Bridge. The man put forward his theory after sixty people died in four separate shipping disasters which all happened by the bridge at Tampa Bay within a five month period.

The first disaster happened in the cold winter month of January. Twenty three coastguards were killed when an oil tanker smashed into the cutter they were travelling in. The next accident occurred only a few weeks afterwards. In February, a freighter crashed into one of the main supports of the bridge, and less than two

weeks later a tanker lost control and went hurtling into the main span. Many people died in these accidents, but by far the worst tragedy to occur at the jinxed bridge happened in May. A 10,000 ton freighter, the Summit Venture, was approaching the bridge during a terrible storm. The wind was howling, and the rain lashed fiercely against the huge ship. In these horrendous conditions, the skipper misjudged his approach, and the ship went thundering into one of the main bridge supports. A huge section of the road running over it collapsed. Thirty two people died, as cars, lorries and a Greyhound bus plunged into the icy water, more than 150 feet below.

The bridge, which was

built in the 1950s, is four miles long, and seems to have been cursed by terrible incidents ever since. More than forty people have committed suicide by throwing themselves off it, and there are countless unexplained traffic accidents on the road which crosses over it.

So, will the Sunshine Skyway Bridge continue to be the scene of horrific accidents? Is it just a combination of bad luck and coincidence that causes it to be the setting for so many terrible calamities, or is there a more sinister reason? Has the tragic death of one construction worker all those years ago caused countless more since? Maybe we shall never know...



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